

Good 336 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

★ Sportshawk John Allen in his ★
★ New Series says to you to-day ★

MEET KNIGHTS OF SOCCER Baggy pants—Ballet feet—Alex James

The full story of the regeneration of British agriculture during the past four years has yet to be told. Already, under the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. R. Hudson, British farms are feeding two out of every three of Britain's population. Before the war, British farm produce met the needs of only one out of every four. To-day, Anthony Slade tells of one measure in the Battle of the Land.

Great Stuff Grass

NOT long ago the British Government bought up a couple of grass farms near Stratford-on-Avon that local farmers wouldn't sniff at. The buildings were old and ruinous, the water-courses blocked and hedges overgrown. Weeds, brambles and bushes cluttered the uncropped land.

But the Government experts bought with their eyes open. This neglected wilderness was just what they wanted. They called in Sir George Stapledon, the world's greatest grass expert, and on the derelict farms—now called the Grass Improvement Station—they are trying out new ways to make the grass grow.

As a result, bleak Welsh hills are being reclothed with new strains of grass. A wild and desolate moor has become a cattle-grazing meadow. Worn-out grasslands—fields that would provide no more sustenance to our cattle—are being ploughed up and re-seeded, with remarkable results.

Grass, thanks to research, is winning the war in new ways.

At Rothamsted Experimental Station they've turned the microscope on grass-blades that don't seem to nourish the sheep as well as they should. They've pinned down the difference between good pastures and poor herbage, in fact, and it centres on bacteria. Grass seed inoculated with a beneficial strain of bacteria makes the lambs skip the stiles twice as fast. The good grass enriching Britain's mountainsides to-day originates, in the first place, in Swedish bacteria!

New grass-drying machines, which evaporate moisture from fresh grass in place of the old sunny and slow process of hay-making, has been hailed by some experts as the farming

A WEE fellow, a long pair of "pants," two feet a ballet dancer might have envied for their quickness, an ice-cool brain; place all these in the person of one man, and you have the greatest footballer of modern times—Alex James. In his way, "Wee Alex" was a scientist. He planned every move in which he took part in a cold, calculating manner that provided surprising openings for his team-mates, and completely outwitted the opposing defenders.

A Glasgow man, James, as a schoolboy of eight, first showed his natural aptitude for the game, but as he was frail and on the small side, his parents were told by a school-master that they should try and keep Alex off the football field—at least, until he had put on more weight and added a few inches to his height.

BUT Alex James was football mad, and in the company of his great friend, Hugh Gallacher—later to become just as famous—"made" the school team. The two midgets played against boys much older than they were, but natural talent prevailed, and when they left school, each to different jobs, the talent scouts decided to watch them.

Alex James, after working in the pits and an iron foundry, attracted the attention of the big clubs. Always, however, did the League clubs come to the same decision—"Too small for first-class football."

It fell to Raith Rovers to give Alex James his big chance, and he took it with both feet. In 1926 he crossed the Border to don Preston's white shirt, and three years later the late Herbert Chapman, looking for a man around whom he could build a new Arsenal, paid Preston £9,000 for Alex James's transfer.

This proved the making of the "Gunners" of Highbury. At first James took some little time to settle down, but settle down he did.

True, he did not score many goals for Arsenal; his task was to make openings for others; but it should be stressed that the little "Miracle Man" of Soccer could shoot.

I have seen him put in some terrific shots for Preston, but with the London club he concentrated on making goals for his colleagues. In this respect he had few peers.

discovery of the century. Artificial drying, they say, conserves all the valuable properties of young grass. The result makes better cattle-food and tenderer meat.

Again, a by-product of grass, obtained in the course of making grass-meal for farm stock, has been found rich in essential food factors—vitamins, proteins, mineral salts, even a sugar which will prove harmless to diabetics.

Hospitals have tried it out, and report that it restores energy to the exhausted, heals jaded nerves. Now you know why Mr. J. R. B. Branson, the Battersea grass-eater, goes through his 75-per-cent. grass diet with a smile.

All his life Mr. Branson had noticed how the condition of polo ponies improved when they were turned out to grass in the spring. Elephants, whales, caterpillars, live on vegetable food, he considered—so why not grass for a human?

U.S. Government chemists assert that the food values of grass are indeed unrivalled. The problem is to prepare grass in a palatable form. A "grass bar" was prepared for use in Canadian Army food issues, but was found too sweet to find favour.

Maybe they hadn't the right kind of grass. There are over 4,500 varieties, and grass in one form or another is man's universal provider. Rice is just a variety of grass. So is wheat. Ever considered that grass-eating

A quiet little chap, Alex James was never in a scene of any kind. He had no time for that; his interest was solely in getting goals, and while he wore Arsenal's colours they had their finest teams of all time.

Mind you, Alex James had at inside-right in those superb Arsenal sides another of the "truly great" forwards. I am referring to David Bone Nightingale Jack—plain Dave Jack to football fans—who not only made openings for others, but scored hundreds of fine goals himself.

The great difference between Jack and James was that Alex operated in mid-field for the greater part of a match, while David, after a brilliant dribble, in which he might beat three or four opponents, would pass to his winger, race forward, take the return pass, and crash the ball into the goal.

In club matches and internationals he showed a skill that endeared him to all crowds, and when he retired, to later become manager of Southend United, the game lost a great forward.

He cost Arsenal £10,340, when he was secured from Bolton Wanderers, which must have made Herbert Chapman feel upset. You see, after serving with the Royal Navy in the last war Jack offered his services to Arsenal and Chelsea.

Both refused to sign him, so he returned home to Plymouth, became a Civil Servant, and played for the club his father, the late Bob Jack, managed—Plymouth Argyle.



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Two years later, in 1921, he went to Bolton, scored the first Cup Final goal at Wembley in 1923, and again scored when Bolton reached the Final in 1926.

I have checked photographs of both goals, and they show that David Jack scored from the identical spot on both occasions. In 1930, this time in Arsenal's colours, he added a third Cup Final to his collection.

Between these two ace inside forwards Arsenal had one of football's biggest-hearted players—the late Jack Lambert. Jack and James supplied the brains, and Lambert did the rest by putting the ball in the net.

Arsenal spent thousands of pounds in buying centre-forwards to take their place—and Lambert's—in the star-studded forward line of Bastin, James, Jack and Hulme.

They secured the transfer of Coleman (Grimsby), Halliday (Sunderland), Bowden (Plymouth), and Dunne (Sheffield United). All, for a time at least, took Lambert's League place—but always did this great sportsman make a successful "come-back."

In my opinion, had he not been killed in a motor accident, Lambert, who had proved himself a fine manager of Arsenal's "nursery" at Margate, would have become the leading manager in League football.

Of this great forward line, only one member remains in

football to-day, and he still wears the Arsenal colours. Cliff Bastin, who had won every one of football's honours—International Cap, Inter-League Cap, Cup, and League Medals—before he was nineteen years of age, still gives a good display in the weakened club team.

Bastin would be the first to admit how much he owes to Alex James. He was a school-boy international inside-left when Arsenal, after he had played for his local club, Exeter, paid £1,500 for his transfer.

They hoped he would become a fine deputy for James, but an injury to the regular outside-left, Sid Hoare, gave Bastin a League chance—and he remained on the wing, with successful results.

"Prompted" by James, the young Exeter lad, instead of running to the corner flag and sending over a centre for his inside forwards, cut in to the centre himself and began to shoot hard and often, with the result that goals became plentiful. In fact, he took over the goal-scoring job of James!

In the 1932-33 season he banged home 33 goals in 42 games, which shows the value of his "cutting in" to the Arsenal attack.

Behind these forwards of never-to-be-forgotten skill were to be found Herbert Roberts, first of the third-back and "policemen" pivots, and the great left-back, Eddie Hapgood, to mention but two.

By their team-spirit and great skill, they, too, played a big part in the success of the line of great forwards, but goals are the things that crowds remember. That is why few defenders have ever gone down among the "immortals of football."

And so one could go on putting forward more and more Arsenal players who have gained glory in the red shirt. But to John Citizen, who knows his football, the men I've mentioned are on his lists of "Knights of Soccer." He knows them all, even if he has not seen them in action. Now he knows what really made them so great.

More News from Home Town

GOING BACK SOME!

IF 88-year-old George Harding, of Lyon Street, Newtown, Southampton, mentions "the war" in conversation, the odds are he is referring to that little "dust-up" in Zululand 65 years ago.

For George is one of the last British survivors of that stirring campaign which shocked and thrilled our grandparents.

As a young sapper in the Royal Engineers, he fought for three months in the besieged fort of Etschowe, after the disaster of Isandhlwana and the heroic stand at Rorke's Drift, and was afterwards in the British "square" at the Battle of Ulundi, when 20,000 Zulu warriors threw themselves in vain against the ranks of British "redcoats" and the power of King Cetewayo was finally broken.

"The Zulus charged our square three times," the veteran recalls. "We met them with a tremendous fusillade. There were four sides of red flame. I shall never forget the sight. After the third charge the

enemy broke in confusion and the battle was over—less than an hour after it started. Aye, it was a bloody business."

CASTLE SHOWGROUND.

THE Marquis of Bute's solicitors are now busy in conference with city fathers over the proposal that the Corporation should buy the ancient and historic Castle. For several centuries this old castle has been a great landmark and the centre of hospitality for many members of the Royal family.

Behind it there are spacious sports grounds and woodlands which it is aimed will come into the Greater Cardiff scheme. Thousands of houses will be erected on the adjacent land, but the city fathers have not yet decided what they will do with the Castle and grounds.

The suggestion is made, however, that part of it may be used to erect a mammoth sports arena and public hall and exhibition hall. Ice hockey, indoor tennis and boxing tournaments are in mind.

MUSSO ORDER.

THE audience at the Plymouth Odeon had a good laugh the other day.

During the showing of the Rommel film, "Five Graves to Cairo," an urgent message was thrown on the screen: "Will liberty men of H.M.S. — return to their ship at once."

At the same moment, the voice of an Italian general in the picture was heard saying, "And that is the order of Mussolini."

THE COMIC LAUGHED.

WHEN a Newcastle-on-Tyne pantomime visited a children's hospital at Hexham, Northumberland, to give the kiddies a treat, many of the children could not be moved to the concert hall to see it.

The comedians then went into the wards. One took a wrong direction and saw a little girl lying alone in one of the wards.

Greeting her with "Hello, how are you?" he received the reply, "I've got chicken pox—you'd better git out!"

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



A BALI GENT.

Quite pleasant-looking for all his age. He is made of stone, and is one of the many figures decorating the ancient Palace at Kioengkoeng. But why the hat? The only guess is that centuries ago the Portuguese adventurers and mariners landed there and their "beavers" were copied by the local sculptors.

To-day's Brains Trust

A PHILOSOPHER, a Dean of a Theological College, a Scientist, and an Historian meet to discuss the questions:—

For ages there have been disputes about religious doctrine and about philosophy, just as there used to be about scientific questions. But now that we have the scientific method, and know how to settle problems by logical argument from evidence, why don't we apply it to religion and philosophy and settle once and for all the age-old problems in these fields?

Scientist: "The reason is that we haven't the necessary evidence. There is absolutely no positive evidence of the existence of God, and practically none of the truth of the Bible stories associated with the Founder of the Christian faith. Theologians have to take these things for granted, and then argue their doctrines from them."

"But the arguments are worth nothing scientifically, because they are not based on proved premises."

"For the same reason, the theologians disagree among themselves."

Dean: "The whole thing turns on what you mean by evidence. To the scientist, evidence is something material—something which can be exhibited in a test-tube or stored in a bottle. But religion does not deal with such things. Religion deals with personalities, values, and subtle things like conscience."

"There is absolutely no scientific evidence of the existence of beauty, yet we all know that beautiful things exist because we experience certain emotions when we see or hear them."

"That we have these emotions is beyond dispute, yet we cannot prove to anyone that we have them. In the same way, there have been, and are, men who have had experience of God, and such men cannot doubt that God exists, though they cannot prove it scientifically. The fact is proved only for the individual, and that is why every man, at bottom, has his own faith."

"The standard doctrines are largely deduced from what a number of religious men have found they hold in common. Similar beliefs, independently arrived at, are more reasonably to be regarded as real evidence than as coincidences."

Historian: "The fact is, science to-day is a logical explanation of observed fact, whereas the theories of religion are logical explanations of beliefs. The difference between a fact and a belief is that a fact can be proved and a belief cannot. But it has not always been so."

"Ancient science was based on belief, and observed facts were made to fit in—often fantastically—with the preconceived scheme of things."

"But the beliefs on which ancient science were based were not like religious beliefs. They were just any sort of

ideas that looked obvious and fruitful, and most of them turned out to be wrong. But religious beliefs are really based on experience."

"No religion has ever endured which was started by someone merely with a bright idea. Thus, there can never be a progress in religion similar to that of science. The beginnings were different, and the similarity between ancient religion and ancient science is really superficial."

Philosopher: "The two beginnings have become confused because the forerunner of modern science was chiefly practised by the religious orders. But the point I wish, as a philosopher, to put to the scientist is this:—

"He objects that religious doctrines are based on belief and not on fact. But so is science! If philosophy has done nothing else, it has demonstrated that we can never prove the existence of anything outside ourselves, and that all science rests fundamentally on the belief that the universe is really there to be explored."

"That has to be a pure belief, though there are reasons for thinking it true."

"The chief of these is that it is unlikely that so many millions of men would all have the same belief if there were not something in it, but, as far as I can see, the same argument can be advanced in favour of religion. The facts of science, no less than the beliefs of religion, will always be disputable, and philosophy alone—and on this point alone—has reached an assured end."

"The rest of philosophy, dealing as it does with the existence of the world and such subjects as ethics and art, suffers under the same disability

as science and religion. That is, its beliefs will always be disputable by those who do not happen to hold them."

Dean: "If I may add a footnote here, the discussion has illustrated admirably the necessity, at any rate in religion, for faith. Faith in something which cannot be proved is absolutely essential before even the feeblest beginning can be made."

WANGLING WORDS—284

1. Put weary in ATD and make it all dressed up.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? *Dilkel acre act het.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BIG into GUN and then back again into BIG, without using the same word twice.
4. What sheet of water is hidden in the following sentence? *Where on earth did Ella go on Boxing Day?* (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 283

1. CLIMATE.
2. Much cry little wool.
3. BONE, bond, bend, bead, beat, MEAT, mean, bean, lean, lead, lend, lent, dent, dont, done, BONE.
4. L-eat-her.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Sh-h-h! Mine's got a hot-water bottle inside! This weather plays havoc with my chest!"

QUIZ for today

1. An ampulla is an insect, dance, cloak, bottle, part of a watch, poultice?
2. Who wrote (a) *The Golden Arrow*, (b) *The Arrow of Gold*?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Mussel, Cockle, Oyster, Winkle, Clam, Scallop?
4. What is the crow-flight distance from London to Land's End, in round figures?
5. What is a remittance-man?
6. Who or what was Brown Bess?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Tirade, Timbre, Timbrell, Thyme, Thyroid, Terapin?
8. In what game is the term "Kelly's Eye" used, and what does it mean?
9. Who sits on the Woolsack?
10. On what instrument does Pouishmoff perform?
11. What is Hitler's real name?
12. Name four Dickens characters whose names begin with G.

Answers to Quiz in No. 335

1. Cloak.
2. (a) Grant Allen, (b) Arnold Bennett.
3. Madrali was a wrestler; others were boxers.
4. Billiards player.
5. (a) 12, (b) also 12.
6. Osmium.
7. Amethyst, Amphibia.
8. The Village Blacksmith.
9. Three.
10. Oliver Twist.
11. Horse racing.
12. Samson.

J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Toll-gates became such a burden to the people at one time that a secret Welsh organisation was formed in 1843 which went about at night-time and destroyed the gates. Members called themselves Rebeccaes. They dressed in women's clothes, and from this were sometimes addressed as "Rebecca's daughters," with reference to the Biblical passage, "And they blessed Rebecca, and said unto her, Let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." General relief from highway tolls followed these activities.

The Koran, written by Mohammed in the seventh century, is the Bible of the Mohammedans, constituting their law of life, civil, military, religious and legal. It

is supposed to be a transcript of a series of messages delivered to the prophet by the angel Gabriel during a period of 23 years. It recognises Christ and Moses as prophets of God, but gives the chief place to Mohammed.

There are two kinds of excommunication from the Church. The Greater deprives a worshipper of all rights and privileges, while the Lesser deprives him of participation in the Eucharist. In past times, Greater Excommunications were often made against rulers and leaders, and were regarded with considerable awe.

Martial law is not military law. The Duke of Wellington said that "martial law means no law at all, but the will of the general till the ordinary law can either be established or restored." Sir David Dundas described it as "the substitute for a civil jurisdiction for the moment during which the functions of the latter are paralysed."

"That we have these emotions is beyond dispute, yet we cannot prove to anyone that we have them. In the same way, there have been, and are, men who have had experience of God, and such men cannot doubt that God exists, though they cannot prove it scientifically. The fact is proved only for the individual, and that is why every man, at bottom, has his own faith."

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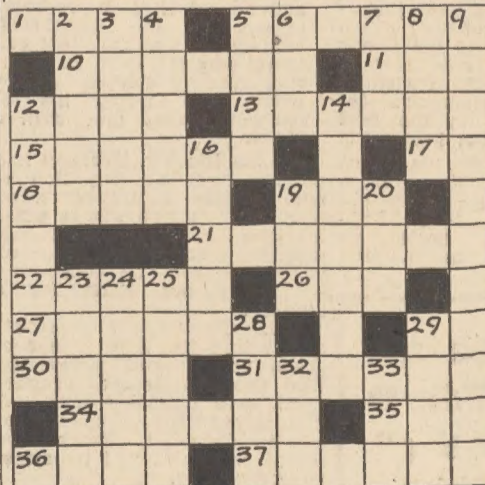
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"What hasn't Errol Flynn got that I have?"

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.
Francis Bacon.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Talk.
- 5 Recess.
- 10 Pit for food.
- 11 Grow larger.
- 12 Rebuff.
- 13 Importance.
- 15 Except.
- 17 Thus.
- 18 Famous prima donna.
- 19 Object.
- 21 Throw back.
- 22 Fat.
- 26 Bird.
- 27 Renounce.
- 29 Behold.
- 30 Hard to believe.
- 31 Space.
- 34 Smack.
- 35 Part of shoe.
- 36 Fragrant oil.
- 37 Heating apparatus.

CLUES DOWN.

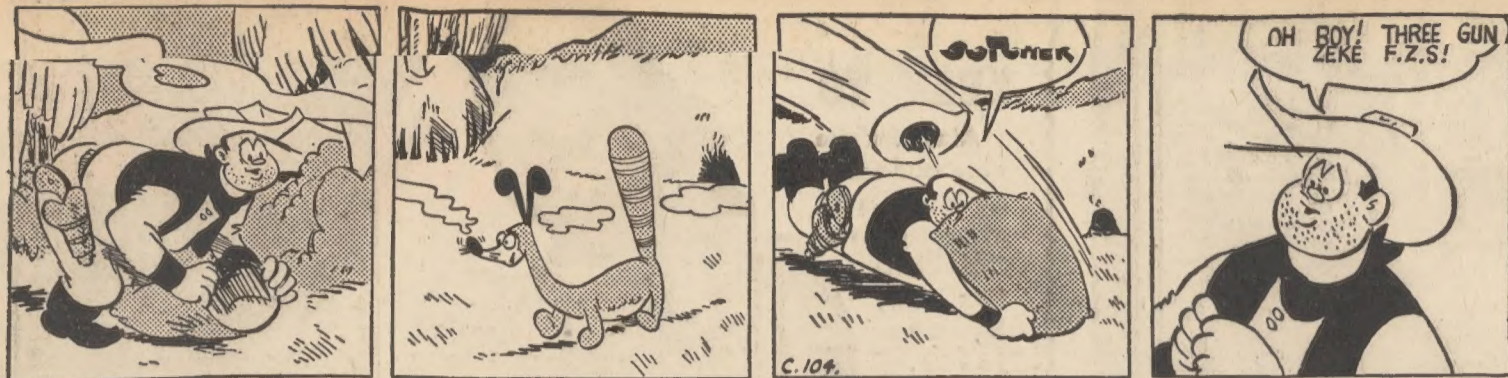
- 2 Vegetable dye.
- 3 Mature.
- 4 Country of Asia.
- 5 Donation.
- 6 Sign of Zodiac.
- 7 Be in debt.
- 8 Vehicles.
- 9 Extractor.
- 12 Prop.
- 14 Drugging.
- 16 Hooter.
- 19 Near the stern.
- 20 Paid up.
- 23 Animal.
- 24 Great success.
- 25 Salute.
- 28 Garden basket.
- 29 Cornish town.
- 32 Before.
- 33 Pronoun.

PAW KEA MEM
OLIVE USER
OLDEN DODGE
PEER FIND N
G SALT LAD
FREEBOOTERS
LOB SURE T
E BAIT PAIR
DEIGN RINSE
KNOT ADITS
BEG HEW LET

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

Woolworth's
couldn't afford
Frying Pan

By Hector Wright

THE name Woolworth is to-day known all over the world, and is synonymous with a vast range of goods to be bought at a low cost. Born on a farm in New York State, Frank Woolworth knew what the expression "a hard life" meant. Until he was twenty-one he had never owned an overcoat. One pair of boots had to last a full year. In an effort to keep them strong, young Frank worked barefooted in the fields, no matter how hard the weather.

On his twenty-first birthday Frank Woolworth decided to try his luck in the big city. Armed with a few shillings and plenty of ambition, he secured employment in a clothing store at a salary of £2 a week. This was not much with which to keep a wife, and when, three years later, a daughter was born, and he was still earning only £2, Frank Woolworth became worried.

One afternoon he entered an ironmonger's shop and asked the price of a certain frying-pan. Sixpence, he was told. Young Frank reckoned it was worth not more than fivepence, and as he couldn't afford a "fancy" price he did not get his frying-pan.

Instead, he got an idea that was to make him one of the richest men in the world and his name a household word. There ought to be a special store to cater for the "little man" such as himself.

He placed this suggestion before his employer, who loaned him £70. Frank Woolworth tried out his project at Utica in 1879. Through lack of support it had to close after a few weeks.

Frank, however, had not lost faith in his idea. Neither had his employer, and another store was opened in Pennsylvania. This was a terrific success. Soon another branch was opened. This failed—but a fourth succeeded. And so this went on. There was a success for every failure—and so the new chain-store scheme developed.

He worked hard, and by 1891 had twelve large shops showing good profits. Fourteen years later, with profits reaching such high figures, Frank Woolworth, with a capital of £2,000,000, formed a company! Fine progress for a once barefooted farm labourer!

The policy of his company to try to please the "little man" give him a full choice of goods at the lowest possible prices, and treat him as a friend rather than as a customer, brought good results.

Folk who would never have dreamt of frequenting a chain store visited one of the Woolworth establishments "just for the novelty." In the majority of cases they were impressed by the fact that they could often get supplies of articles at the store which were unobtainable elsewhere. And they came again—to buy.

During the Great War the Woolworth Sky-scraper in New York was erected at a cost of £2,500,000. Since then the great concern has been adding to its fame and fortune.

Frank Woolworth's grand-daughter, the Countess Reventlow, is now one of the richest women in the world. Her fortune is reckoned to be anything up to £8,000,000.

To-day, as in peacetime, experts are always studying the likeliest method of giving better value for money. Every possible scientific device is used by these "back-room boys" to discover ways and means of improving their goods. And they rarely fail.



"This is your Forces' sweetheart and the Brains Trust's pain-in-the-neck—"

**Good
Morning**

**EASTER ?
LET A GUY SLEEP**



**A
LEAN - TO**

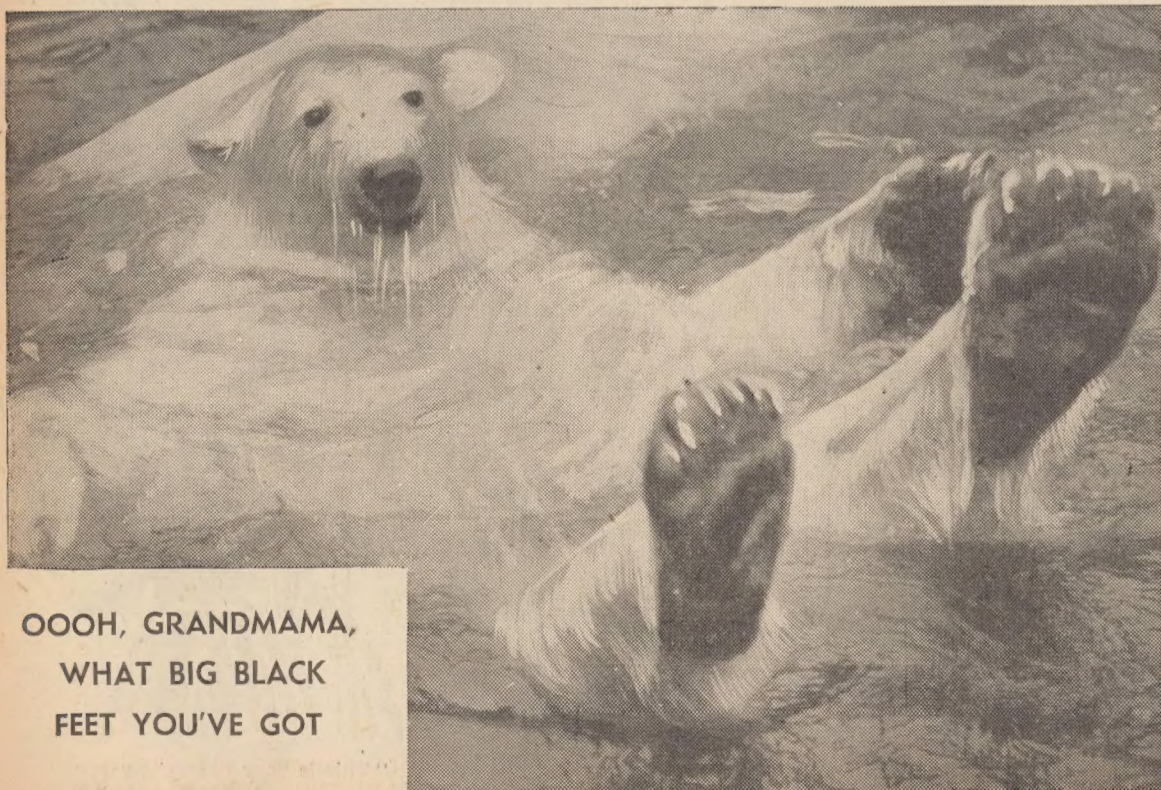
Alas, not the
kind our tame
architect
always infers.
20th Century
Fox star,
Brenda
Joyce.



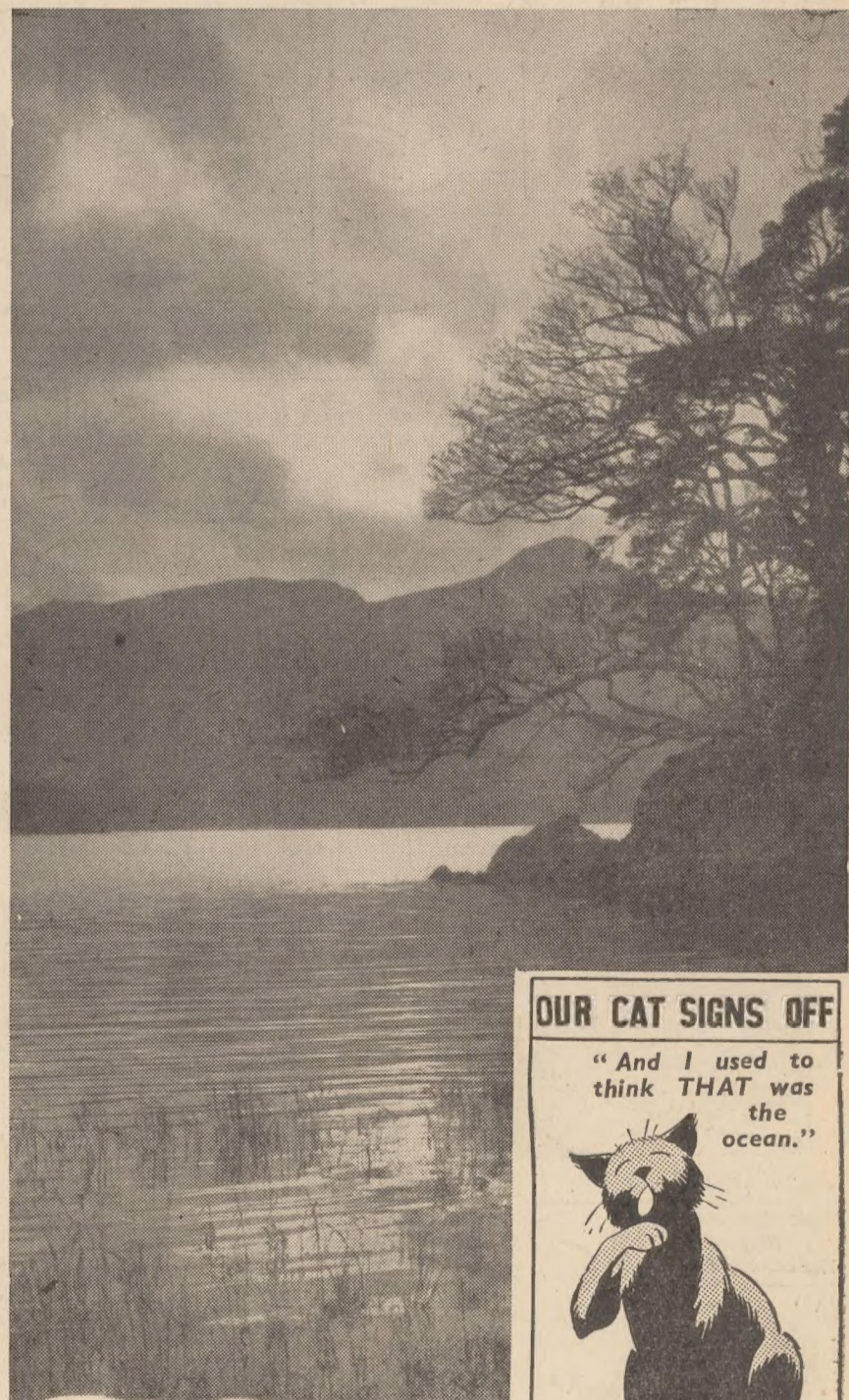
**GETTING THE LOW-
DOWN ON IT**



"Hope she hasn't
gorn and bought a
rabbit for supper."



**OOOH, GRANDMAMA,
WHAT BIG BLACK
FEET YOU'VE GOT**



This England

A Lakeland scene. Evening over
Friars Crag, Derwentwater.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And I used to
think **THAT** was
the
ocean."

